

## Shelter From the Storm

Bob Dylan  E IV-109

<p>'Twas in another <u>lifetime</u>, <u>one</u> of toil and <u>blood</u>          When blackness was a <u>virtue</u> and the <u>road</u> was full of <u>mud</u>          I came in from the <u>wilderness</u>, a <u>creature</u> void of <u>form</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p><u>And</u> if I pass this <u>way</u> again, <u>you</u> can rest <u>assured</u>          I'll always do my <u>best</u> for her, on <u>that</u> I give my <u>word</u>          In a world of steel-eyed <u>death</u>, and <u>men</u> who are fighting to be <u>warm</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p><u>Not</u> a word was spoke <u>between</u> us, <u>there</u> was little risk <u>involved</u>          Everything up to <u>that</u> point had <u>been</u> left <u>unresolved</u>.          Try imagining a <u>place</u> where it's <u>always</u> safe and <u>warm</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p><u>You</u> were burned out from <u>exhaustion</u>, <u>buried</u> in the <u>hail</u>,          Poisoned in the <u>bushes</u> an' <u>blown</u> out on the <u>trail</u>,          Hunted like a <u>crocodile</u>, <u>ravaged</u> in the <u>corn</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p><u>Suddenly</u> I turned <u>around</u> and <u>she</u> was standin' <u>there</u>          With silver bracelets <u>on</u> her wrists and <u>flowers</u> in her <u>hair</u>.          She walked up to me so <u>gracefully</u> and <u>took</u> my crown of <u>thorns</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p><u>Now</u> there's a wall <u>between</u> us, <u>somethin'</u> there's been <u>lost</u>          I took too much for <u>granted</u>, <u>got</u> my signals <u>crossed</u>.          Just to think that it all <u>began</u> on a <u>long-forgotten</u> <u>morn</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p>Well, the deputy walks on <u>hard</u> nails and the <u>preacher</u> rides a <u>mount</u>          But nothing really <u>matters</u> much, it's <u>doom</u> alone that <u>counts</u>          And the one-eyed <u>undertaker</u>, he <u>blows</u> a futile <u>horn</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p>I've heard newborn babies <u>wailin'</u> <u>like</u> a mournin' <u>dove</u>          And old men with broken <u>teeth</u> <u>stranded</u> without <u>love</u>.          Do I understand your <u>question</u>, man, is it <u>hopeless</u> and <u>forlorn</u>?          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p>In a little hilltop <u>village</u>, they <u>gambled</u> for my <u>clothes</u>          I bargained for <u>salvation</u> an' they <u>gave</u> me a lethal <u>dose</u>.          I offered up my <u>innocence</u> and <u>got</u> repaid with <u>scorn</u>.          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>
<p>Well, I'm livin' in a foreign <u>country</u> but I'm <u>bound</u> to cross the <u>line</u>          Beauty walks a <u>razor's</u> edge, <u>someday</u> I'll make it <u>mine</u>          If I could only turn back the <u>clock</u> to when <u>God</u> and her were <u>born</u>          "Come in," she said, "I'll <u>give</u> you <u>shelter</u> from the <u>storm</u>."</p>	<p>D F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D          F#m G D</p>